
Title: A Bard's Tale - Battle of Trinsic Vol. 1

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The Battle for Trinsic
raged on as Minax strove
to tighten her grasp on
the lands of Britannia.
Fierce rumors were
whispered among the pubs
and taverns of the land
- of monstrous horrors,

of gruesome tortures, of
fallen leaders and
captured kings. None knew
the truth but those who
raised sword and shield,
gathered herbs and
potions, and braved the
forests outside the

beleaguered city in hopes
of victory.

We continue our spotlight
on tales from the Battle
of Trinsic with the story
of Lucy Fur, a young
bard of Britain who

merrily sought adventure
- and found it in the
contested streets of
Trinsic.

“I was supposed to be
at my music tutors house
when it happened, yet

once again I had gone to
play at the Cat's Lair
for gold. You see, it was
there that I learned the
ways of this world from
adventurers, bards, mages
and scoundrels. I had
become an expert at

playing all musical

instruments, at hiding in
the shadows, the study
of anatomy, swordsmanship
and tactics. The skills of
enticement and
peacemaking I employed
each night at this inn.

The last skill,
peacemaking, helped me
keep angry patrons from
ending my two-year reign
as the fastest ale
stealer from nine to
midnight! “
“It wasn't long before

my natural blonde good
looks and full figure
caught the attention of
the Innkeeper Claude, as
well as some evil
characters. Late one
night after the crowd
thinned out I collected my

fee from Claude and,
snatching ale with a wink,
I left for the bank. But
as I just had gone from
the entrance to the East
wall two men accosted
me! Stinking breath and
curses were all around

me as I was shoved to
the ground while they
rifled my backpack. I had
just made 300 gold and
was about to lose it!"

“Instinctively I pulled my
poisoned dagger from my

belt and slashed both of
them. While they were
stunned, I raced to
gather my belongings
strewn on the ground.
They again attacked me,
but suddenly the poison
began its grim task as

they screamed in pain and
fell dead. Unfortunately
for them, my friend
Calabar had obtained this
deadly poisoned dagger for

me from an assassin.
Even in the dark shadows
I could see the men's wild

eyes as the poison
informed them that they
had blundered for the
last time.”

“I quickly went through
the backpacks of the
dead men and found an

executioners axe! The
rest of it I left as I
hastened to the bank
where I changed my
bloody clothes and
deposited the gold in the
vault. It was there that I
began my search to

escape this town before
being arrested. Scanning
the busy crowd I picked
my target and walked up
to him. He was a Master
Warrior named
Keylargomojo and was he
ever big!”

“I teased him about his
long name and quickly
found that he was easily
angered! I taunted him
further by saying that
most Master Warriors
don't have the intelligence
to learn spells like gate

travel, only about swords
and armor. He quickly
turned and glared at me.
His blue eyes stared
daggers as he said, "And
just where do you wish
to be gated to?" He
snickered, but all I could

say was "Tr-Trinsic,
milord." He walked catlike
to the riverside of the
bank and motioned for me
to come over to him. I
looked around at the
panhandlers, nobles, and
thieves that were I all

knew and followed. Holding
a mages book in one hand
he spoke the words, "Vas
Rel Por." A blue sphere
appeared and he led me
into its mystical portal."

"We arrived in a yellow

sandstone city of Trinsic,
a far cry from old
Britain! Keylargomojo gave
me a pigeon and said,
"Only send this if it is a
life or death situation"
and disappeared back into
the blue sphere. I was

safe for now I thought,
and far from Britain and
the double murder. It was
time to find lodging and
get to know if I was the
only Bard in this town!"

"After my first week, I

had found many fine
shops and respectable
people there. My favorite
place was The Keg and
Anchor Inn. I have a good
relationship with the
innkeeper, and have met
several bards as well. I

also have developed my
musicianship almost to the
illustrious status of a
Grand Master! Life here
seemed just fine until I
noticed monsters
appearing in town! They
were the types I had

heard about from the
adventurers in Britain:
liches, skeletons and
zombies. As of late no
place is safe to practice
in, and even the Keg and
Anchor was invaded!"

"Taking offense at this
intrusion, I sought Phyllis
the Bard Guild Mistress
and studied the art of

Provocation. I also
obtained plenty of
practice on the zombies
with my executioner's axe.

I know you may be
shocked that a beautiful
lass would use such a
thing, but be reminded
that this was my 'going
away present' from
Britain. And as any skilled
Bard knows, it is wise to

develop a backup plan in
case a crowd turns sour
on your play."

Last night I was hanging
out at the Trinsic Main
Bank, playing for the late
night welcome committee

for Juo'nar, the evil
green lich. I had learned
several places to stand
so that the first stench
of the undead would find
my nose. I spied a stray
dog walking the fence line
in the rear of the bank's

property and headed
there. Provoking him, I
played with him a bit and
found delight at his
frustration."

"Just then I spelled
that stench and they

appeared just outside
that same fence! A lich,
four skeletons and two
zombies as before. I
played a dirty little dirge
that I learned from
Phyllis and they began
turning upon themselves.

Shortly after the last
undead hit the sandstone
I laid my lute down, and
slipped over the fence to
liberate their loot."

"Suddenly I felt a
shooting pain in my neck,

as I was truck from
behind! I whirled around
to see a skeleton armed
with a cutlass and a
wooden shield. I drew my
executioner's axe and
began to attack. It began
to be a very long battle

as my wounds made me
weaker. This was no
ordinary skeleton! I broke
off the attack and gained
a distance from it.
Quickly downing a greater
heal potion from my
backpack I jumped the

fence and played a
peaceful melody for my
combatant. It stood there
at peace as the potion
took effect as I felt my
strength return.”

Continued next volume...